

The Way In Which Saints Are Made

How Saul the Sinner Was Transformed into Paul the Apostle—Historical Review.

"Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live."

If there was no other evidence against "Saint Paul" than the statements in the scriptures it would be conclusive that he was unfit to live, but I want to show beyond a doubt how these saints are made.

Saul, son of Barthus and Eunice Benjamin, born 2 B. C., two years before Jesus David (called the Christ of God), in Tarsus, Cilicia, a Roman municipium, a fatalist and politician, noted for intolerance and persecution, and for strenuous activity in having Jesus put to death, executed at Rome June 29, 66 A. D. The New Testament says:

"As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, having men and women committed to prison; and, breathing threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of Jesus, went unto the high priests (Acts, 8, 9; 9, 1). Then gathered the chief priests and pharisees a council, and said: What do we? If we let Jesus alone the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation. And one of them named Caiaphas, being the high priest that same year, said unto them: It is expedient for us that he should die, and that the nation perish not. From that day they took counsel together to put him to death, and gave commandment that if any one knew where he was he should show it, that they might take him."—St. John, 11, 45-57.

Tactius says: "Jesus was brought to punishment by Pontius Pilate, the Roman procurator," nevertheless, it was through conspiracy organized by Saul, who, after the death of Jesus, pretended to be converted to his doctrines, and sought to join the honest disciples, but "they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple."—Acts, 14, 26.

He insisted upon speaking in the temple to convince them, and they asked him:

Art not thou that Egyptian, which before these days madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers?

But Paul said, I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city; and I beseech thee, suffer me to speak unto the people.—Acts, 22.

And when he had given him license, Paul stood on the stairs and told the story of his so-called conversion, saying:

I persecuted unto death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women.

Which thing I also did in Jerusalem; and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them.

And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

And I said, Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on Jesus.

And when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him.

They gave him audience unto this word, and then lifted up their voices and said,

Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live.

And as they cried out, and cast off their clothes, and threw dust into the air.

The chief captain commanded him to be brought into the castle, and bade that he should be examined by scourging; that he might know wherefore they cried so against him.

And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?

When the centurion heard that, he went and told the chief captain, saying, "Take heed what thou doest; for this man is a Roman."

Then the chief captain came, and said unto him, Tell me, art thou a Roman? He said, Yea.

Then Paul called one of the centurions unto him and said, Bring this young man unto the chief captain; for he hath a certain thing to tell him.

So the chief captain then let the young man depart, and charged him, See thou tell no man that thou hast shewed these things to me.

And he called unto him two centurions, saying, Make ready two hundred soldiers to go to Caesarea, and horsemen three score and ten, and spearmen two hundred, at the third hour of the night.

And provide them beasts, that they may set Paul on, and bring him safe unto Felix the governor.

And he wrote a letter after this manner: Claudius Lysias unto the most excellent governor Felix sendeth greetings.

This man was taken of the Jews, and should have been killed of them; then came I with an army, and rescued him, having understood that he was a Roman.

But do not thou yield unto them; for there lie in wait for him of them more than forty men, which have bound themselves with an oath, that they will neither eat nor drink till they have killed him.

Saul was known as a terror throughout Judea, but pretending that he had been converted and that he had also converted Sergius Paulus, a wealthy Jew, he changed his name, hoping thereby to deceive the Jews, but when they determined to kill him he hastened to have the chief captain told a "certain thing"—that his name was not Paul, that he was not a Jew, but that he was the same Roman, Saul of Tarsus, who had wrought the ruin of Jesus and his followers. Then, as just shown, they rescued him with an army, and took him by sea to Rome.

"And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard; but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him."

"And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him."—Acts, 28.

He then was arrested, charged with having flagrantly insulted a noble lady, was tried, condemned, and executed June 29, 66 A. D., near the pyramid of Caestus.

When misfortune had overwhelmed him he cried out: "I have suffered, greatly suffered, for my misdeeds. I am writhing with the tortures of hell within me. The stings of remorse are piercing my soul with ex-

cruciating agony. I must enlighten the world concerning my history in connection with Jesus of Nazareth, and give a true narrative of that part of his life which terminated in a tragic death, of which I was the instigator. It is the only atonement I can make for the outrage I have given to mankind, and the measureless injustice done to the injured and noble man, Jesus. Judas I slew with my own hands, from fear that he would betray me to the world, being the depository of my secrets of the conspiracy against Jesus. Stephen I hated for his virtues and talents, and I was afraid that while he lived I could not be the first to lead and govern the disciples. Accordingly I had him sacrificed to the fury of the Sanhedrim. I then came forward in the open day as an actor. As I approached the city a storm arose, of thunder and lightning. I threw myself from my horse, fell prostrate upon the ground, and acted a pantomime of great terror. I pretended that the spirit of Jesus appeared to me, rebuking me for my wicked career, and commanding me to go through the world preaching his doctrines. My imposture was partly believed by some, but the disciples rejected me, the Jews seized me, the Romans ruined me and brought me to Rome."—Pages 22-26, introduction to *The True History of Jesus of Nazareth*, by Alexander Smyth.

And this: "Poor Judas! How mysterious is the power controlling my life! The very men I admire most I seem destined to destroy. Two men have fallen through me; the wise and virtuous Jesus and my faithful servant, Judas. I admired them both. Whence comes this power to destroy? Is man's moral freedom but a fiction? Can he refrain from doing what he does? As his existence is without his choice or control so are his actions!"—*The True History of Jesus*, page 323.

This will relieve us of the necessity of believing that:

"Judas cast down the pieces of silver in the temple and went and hanged himself; and the chief priests took the silver pieces and bought the potter's field to bury strangers in."—Matt. 27, 3-7.

Or that Judas purchased a field with the reward of iniquity, and, falling headlong, burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out (Acts, 16), as he could not have died each way.

Now here is a man who, even according to the scriptures, is almost an unparalleled criminal, held up to us as the chief apostle, pillar of the church, and exemplar of right living. Read what the church says about this wicked man. According to an elaborately illustrated work, authorized by the Roman Catholic Church:

"The Death of the Holy Martyr, St. Paul," was as follows:

"St. Paul was bound for nine months to a pillar in the horrible Mamertine prison, but so great was his faith and fortitude that he converted his jailers, Processus and Martinus. And you are shown the very fountain in which sprang miraculously out of the hard rock in the dreary dungeon, so that the apostle could baptize these two soldiers."

"When he was led out to be executed the procession was met by Plautilla, the daughter of the Roman prefect, Flavius."

Sabinus. The Roman maiden had accepted the Christian faith, and wanted to do some service, however small, for the noble martyr. St. Paul thereupon besought her to lend him her handkerchief to veil his eyes at the fatal moment, promising to return it after his death. The soldiers made no end of sport at this simple request; but Plautilla, remembering the story of St. Veronica and the saviour, showed her faith in Paul's promise by at once handing him the kerchief. And the holy martyr kept his word, appearing to Plautilla one evening subsequently, while she was at prayer. The picture of this event is one of the sights in St. Peter's basilica.

"Where St. Paul was beheaded by the sword is now known as 'The Three Fountains,' and is one of the most interesting spots in Italy to visit, which is only increased when you come to the Church of S. Paola alle Tre Fontane. Here you are shown the pillar to which St. Paul had been bound, the block of marble upon which he had been beheaded, and the fountains which sprang up when his head fell to the earth in three bounds, crying 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' After the decapitation the weeping friends of the apostle took his body and carried it off to the catacombs, where through many ages it found sepulchre. Later on the pious Lucinda secured possession of the body and interred it in her own private property. And from thence it passed into the hands of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The head of St. Paul is now inclosed in a gold and silver case underneath the beautiful canopy in the church of St. Giovanni in Laterano. This is known in Rome as the Pope's Cathedral, inasmuch as nearly all the Popes for the last 1,500 years have been crowned here. It is rich in marble and mosaic, and contains among other things the original table on which the saviour ate the last supper.

"The body of St. Paul now rests beneath the beautiful 'confession' of the church of St. Paolo fuori le Mura, which is a beautiful monument to the martyr apostle, and one of the most magnificent basilicas in Christendom.

"Such, in short, is the story of the closing scenes in the life of St. Paul, as they are told today and as you may see them for yourself here."—Rome correspondent of Louisville Commercial, Sunday, October 17, 1898.

Men who will thus lie about such matters, for their own selfish interests, will never brighten and better the conditions of human life.

Count Leo Tolstoi, the famous Russian author, says:

"Religion is truth and goodness, the church falsehood and evil. I tell you frankly I cannot agree with those who believe the church is an organization indispensable for religion. The church has ever been and cruel and lying institution, which, in seeking for temporal advantages, has perverted and distorted the true Christian doctrine.

"Christianity has ever been simply a pretext for the church. I may be told that there have been and still are in the Catholic world men and women of holy life, but I answer that these sainted lives are not due to the church, but rather in spite of the church. The present religious movement, which is going on not only in Catholic countries, but in the whole world, is, I believe, nothing but the unrest accompanying the exit from the dilemma."

Priest and Bible—Despot and Sword, Double Hybrids, Must be Destroyed.

(By E. D. Northrup.)

Your leading editorial in your paper of June 21st, the only number that I have had time to partly read, is able and dwells on a subject that I have for years, stated in nearly the same way that you do.

I reduced my statement to original aphorisms, viz:

"The path of Liberty is over the carcasses of dead gods; when the last god, called man-made, in man's own image, is dead, Liberty will be enthroned!"

Mankind has, through all the ages, languished, suffered and died under two quadruple causes, the priest and the bible, the despot and the sword, double hybrids!"

"Rent, economic, or private property in land, interest, (usury, denounced even by the bible, the aes alienus that Cicero denounced Cataline for), profits (that always fall heaviest upon the poor who must buy, piece-meal), and wages, wage slavery, the four only sources of great wealth—all unearned."

Col. Ingersoll and I met at a half-way goal, he starting from his conception of the gigantic fraud of the whole theological system, at which his great and noble mind revolted, and of its terrible effect on, and economic degradation of the masses, until his whole mind and energy became enlisted in a life-work for the relief of the poor and the down-trodden, while I, (in 1887, when I discovered that the democrat party was as devoid of democracy as the Sahara desert is destitute of water), became deeply interested in the "labor question," and I was not long in discovering that the way was blocked at every step by the church and the priest, the hand-maids of despotism. Then I directed my attention to the foundation on which the authority of the church rested, and found that it was on an old misconceived, flat and motionless earth, with an undiscoverable hell under it, and a "firmanent" (tent) decked with little church-lanterns to solely give light to this speck of dirt; that science had turned that little lump of dirt into a revolving globe, whirling around the first worshipped god, the sun, and had dumped an undiscoverable heaven into that hell, leaving no place for those man-made gods to roost on; but, even then, I did not make that discovery, save dimly, until I moved my family to middle Georgia, where during five years I had a chance to discover just how matters were a hundred years before, and the mending came about that old fire and brimstone hell, Mr. God, the democratic party and the nigger tired me out and I changed from an active, ardent church member to a Free-thinker and have ever since saved thereby from \$50 to \$100 a year to devote to the cause of humanity.

I notice that Holland-Jew, Roosevelt's some sort of Jew Postmaster General has been making "goo-goo eyes" at you, too! It is high time that leaders of advanced thought and humanitarians should cease being forever dependents. If I must have a law fight on any question whereon I am in the right, I always prefer to be plaintiff

or prosecutor. That smuggled Penrose law that went through at last without the dissenting voice of one single Republican or Democrat (mis-)representative, is utterly void and unconstitutional, and any postmaster who refuses and fails to forward your papers, or to deliver them to subscribers when received, should be prosecuted civilly and criminally.

As I was brought to examine the foundation of church authority, so now more and more, the intelligent common people are brought to examine the foundation of the authority of the U. S. Supreme Court, and to learn the fact that, in the matters of human liberty, "Freedom, Free Speech, Free Press and Freemen," such authority is solely a usurpation concocted by such rank Tories as Judges Marshall, Story and Taney, and that authority, so partially exercised, is rapidly toppling to its fall.

Evolution is doing her perfect work, the business man, the partnership, the corporation, the trust, the lawyer, the partnership lawyer, the corporation lawyer, the trust lawyer against an enslaved and robbed people "Socialism, Limited" vs. ever-growing Socialism, Universal. The defendant will win. And then, Mr. God, help your plutocratic arch-christ.

AND THE SAINTS AROSE!

(By William H. Cox.)

In the early beginning of time, it is said,
Jehovah commanded the saints who were
dead;

To arise from their graves, and take a
walk,
And back to Jerusalem they did stalk

But since that time, life, just the same
Is confined to the earth from whence it
came;

No saint or sinner, through power to save,
Has ever arisen from the grave.

But suppose the dead, now 'past and gone,
Should arise from their tombs, as these had
done;

And walk the earth, as in former time,
Why then we would have some proof divine.

Such tales seem very strange to me,
How men can believe them I do not see;
But 'tis not my purpose to make a jest,
Or belittle the dead who are now at rest.

They sleep the sleep that knows no wak-
ing,

'Tis not the dead who do the quaking;
It is the priest who fears his throne,
Lest the people should become their own.

A REVISED VERSION.

A poet who has been known to tell the truth recounts this story of his little daughter.

Her mother overheard her expounding the origin of the sex to her family of dolls.

"You see, children," she said, "Adam was a man all alone and was very lonely, so God put him to sleep, took his brains out, and made a nice lady of them."

Yuletide Petition to the Throne of Grace from One of the Sanctified

(By Harriet M. Closz.)

Oh, Mighty Master! I in suppliance bend,
 And to Thy throne of grace my cares I send.
 With all-observing eye, thou seest well,
 How I have worked, my neighbors to excel
 In bringing shekels to thy failing cause,
 Regardless of the letter of the laws.
 I've diligently worked with hand and head,
 And now before repairing to my bed,
 I crave thy blessing on the Christmas-tide,
 Though for thy glory I, mayhap, have lied.
 I've saddled husband with a double share,
 Believing thou will lift his load of care
 And teach him patience; for he sometimes swears,
 When I solicit for bazaars and fairs.
 'Tis difficult for men to comprehend,
 That priestly favor on church work depend,
 And if these saints approval but withdraw,
 Why, what on earth would we poor women do?

Thou knowest, Lord, I love my children well,
 Though oft I trust them with an infidel.
 My kindly neighbor says this life's supreme,
 And heavenly mansions but a misty dream;
 But thou art God! And I with faith expect
 Their minds thou wilt from heresies protect.
 And such assurance gives me grace and zest
 For Christian effort; though I be a pest
 To thinking people, who attempt to draw
 A line of logic from the Natural Law.
 I must, of course, keep up thy vineyard work,
 E'en though I may domestic duties shirk,
 Since thou declarest in thy holy book,
 Till parents, home and children we've forsook,
 We cannot thy beloved disciple be;
 Hence on that line, dear Lord, depend on me.
 And while my home affairs to thee I trust,
 To seek and save the heathen's soul, I must.
 Therefore, I'll double discount present toil,
 Though I engender a domestic broil.
 For festivals I'll furnish things to eat,
 And thus deserve a place at thy dear feet...
 I'll hold receptions at a nickel per,
 And gladly entertain the minister.
 Take coppers from the Sunday class for—well,
 To keep the precious Pagans out of hell.
 But if the money I perchance divert,
 "In God We Trust" will mitigate the hurt.

I'll peddle pasteboards for the lecture course,
 And shout its benefits until I'm hoarse.
 I cannot talk to interest home folks,
 But am an expert on the churchly hoax.
 I'll scrub the church and many garments make,
 And play the scullion for the dear Lord's sake,
 But to admit thy service costs too much,
 Would finally deprive me of my crutch.

Of course, poor Mother Eve deserved thy curse
 For seeking knowledge; of all things the worst
 To spoil thy splendid scheme of holding us
 In meekly servile penitence, without a fuss.
 But thanks to thee, thou say'st the well-behaved
 Through special child-birth perils may be saved.
 And I may hope that Heaven's joys be mine
 Though thou hast sent me children only nine,
 Thou, Lord, knowest best, and I with humble mien
 Am duly thankful there were not thirteen

I'm told humility does not compare
 With self-reliant souls who do and dare,
 And wrest from Nature's store of heart and brain,
 The many helps to pleasant life and gain.
 The fine inventions of this modern day
 I'm glad to utilize; but still, must say
 I cling to grandma's faith and holy book,
 And criticism of them cannot brook.
 The skeptic scoffs and says he needs no god;
 But I serenely seek thy chastening rod.
 He calls thy ways unjust; and I admit
 That oft' the wicked in high councils sit.
 He hints that devotees of priest and church
 Are apt to leave their home work in the lurch;
 That when their minds to heavenly glory clings
 They're bound to make a mess of mundane things.
 But lean upon thy mighty arm I must,
 And though thou slayest yet in thee I trust.
 When from thy wrath the unbeliever flees,
 Thou'lt find me prayerfully upon my knees.
 If my loved ones must be condemned to hell,
 I bow and say "Thou doest all things well."

And now this weary year draws to an end,
 Still I am happy to thy cause defend.
 I've tried to be industrious and meek,
 But tearfully, dear Lord, thy pardon seek.
 And when thy glorious work is done—why then—
 I pray thee, take me to thyself—Amen!

Cause And Cure of Intemperance

Prohibition and Revenue from High License only Aggravate the Disease. A New Light on an Old Issue.

(By Franklin H. Heald.)

The question of intemperance has become of such vast importance that it is a serious matter, menacing our civilization, and deserves and demands the combined wisdom of the best brains in the nation, to investigate the CAUSE of its increase, and to determine the best methods of relief. For half a century this question has been left to cranks, zealots and fanatics. To the writer it appears that intemperance was at its minimum when these first seized upon it as a means of advancing their interests by compelling other people to take their dictation in worldly matters. At that time the market price of good, pure, home-made whisky was only from ten to fifteen cents per gallon, and a drunkard was only a poor unfortunate creature of his own gluttonous appetite, and was shunned by the balance of humanity as beneath their notice. There can be no safer state of society, against any evil, than society's disapproval, and especially society's contempt for the offender. If a man has any self-respect at all, he is anxious to be thought well of by his neighbors, and if a drunkard was to be despised he would use more self-restraint in controlling his appetite before he allowed himself to become a drunkard, than he would if drinking were popular, as it is now.

Not contented with this state of affairs, which made the drunkard vulgar and unpopular, a certain class of people conceived the impossible notion of doing away with all drunkenness, and from that moment the real trouble and the terrible increase in intemperance began. The first move, after violent agitation, was to impose by legislation certain restrictions upon liquors of all kinds—by taxes, licenses, revenues, fines, and duties, thus forcing the price of liquors higher as new penalties were added, making it harder to obtain from year to year.

Voltaire, a great and wise man, once said: "All fanatical movements are directed by knaves." And if this move was not directed, it certainly was and is fostered and encouraged by the distillers, manufacturers and wholesale liquor dealers. At a glance, they saw the advantage of raising the price of liquors. It made the saloon possible; and the only way to keep that institution in existence is to keep the price of liquors high. With whisky at ten cents a gallon a saloon could not exist, because no one will pay ten cents for one swallow of whisky when he can buy a whole gallon for the same price. Man is a social animal, always ready to show his good fellowship by dividing his good things with his good friends, but he would not think of insulting a friend by asking him to take a drink which costs less than one-tenth of a cent. It would be only ridiculous; if it showed anything, it would show him to be penurious and mean, and he might as well ask his friend to take a

drink of water for sociability's sake. He would make no sacrifice by treating his friend with what costs nothing, and therefore there would be no sociability about it.

Fifty years ago, liquor was only kept in groceries, the same as sugar, molasses, vinegar, and other commodities, and sold to families at very little profit. The sale was small, because only those people bought it who wanted it for their own use. They did not want it to treat their friends with, because it was too cheap for that. To show an act of sociability they would have to spend enough money to at least amount to a small sacrifice, which this would not be. But as soon as liquor reached a higher figure, people began to treat each other, and so drank more than they needed. As taxes and penalties were added, and the price raised, it became more and more popular as a social evil, or means of showing good-fellowship, until the saloon became a social necessity. You could now take your friend and spend a quarter of a dollar in convincing him that you were a good fellow, and not afraid to spend a few cents. Of course he would not allow you to spend all the money, and must treat also. Then another friend would drop in, and the treating increased as the crowd increased until perhaps a dozen good fellows were under the influence of liquor, who would never have thought of such a thing under the old prices of liquor, and under the old system of only drinking what they wanted. But thanks to the new conditions of only using it socially at the saloons, the sale of liquor has increased to such an alarming extent that the brewing of malt liquors, the distilling spirituous liquors, and the sale thereof, have come to be the largest and most lucrative business enterprises in the whole country.

Where fifty years ago there was one poor shame-faced drunkard, made so by an appetite which he could not or did not control today there are a thousand, made so by the saloon and good-fellowship.

So far as prohibition is concerned, it is a failure, except possibly in extending intemperance to our females, by forcing the saloon into the drug store, and thus giving them a chance to make use of the same deadly social evil. Take up any prohibition so-called temperance or religious publication, if you wish to know exactly how startling has been the increase of intemperance in the fifty years last past, of their impractical tutorage, aided secretly, of course, by the great associations of the liquor traffic. It is truly appalling, and one of its most deadly features is, that at the high price at which it is forced to sell, much of it is weakened by water and then restrengthened with poisonous drugs, which irritate and inflame the stomach with an unnatural craving, which soon hurries its victim to an unnatural and horrible death.

Now, my good people, you of the inner circle, after half a century of signal failure, is it not about time you would sit down quietly for a moment and take a look backward at your handiwork. Is it not about time that you should step to one side and let men take this matter in

hand and unravel the mischief which you have been so industriously doing for too long a time?

Of all the impractical people on the face of the earth commend me to the long-haired man and the short-haired woman, for innocent stupidity. You have, by advancing the price of liquor, brought the saloon into existence and filled the land with poverty, tears and death. Must the Government, the State, and the Municipality, continue to be parties to this social saloon iniquity, by receiving a portion of the blood money, for which we sell our boys and girls to the devil? "Let the preacher return to his vomit and the W. C. T. U. to her wallow."

Take all the taxes, revenues and penalties from liquor; let the price go back to ten cents a gallon; let the saloon die from the low price of whisky; let the present drunkards kill themselves in miserable diseased children; take the disgrace of abetting crime and dividing the profit, from the Government.

It is better to go back half a century, in "Progress" of this kind, than to follow it up and land our posterity in drunkard's graves or the insane asylums. It is the height of foolishness to imagine this crime can be entirely prohibited by law. The only thing to be done is to find the penalty which will be the most effectual, to keep it within bounds—which in this case is the disapproval of society. The idea of forcing people, by law, to a certain limit of the appetite, would perhaps never enter the mind of a person with more intelligence than piety.

Fellow-countrymen, something must be done, and that very soon, to decrease this social evil. If necessity demands it, we must sit down on the dear ladies. There are tens of thousands of sincere temperance people who believe the saloon can never be vanquished until we return to the free whisky of our grand-father's days, when they made it pure at home, soaked it in Boneset and Tansy, gave it to the little folks for medicine, and drank it themselves, three times a day "for their stomach's sake." There was not one drunkard then to where there are a thousand now.

Let us reason awile together, and get rid of this great curse in a reasonable way.

EARTH AND MAN.

Dust of my dust—last and supremest race
Of races lifting on from age to age—
This conscious creature's awful pilgrim-
age

Oh build upon his bones a better thing;
And yet a link to life's eternal chain;
Depose humanity, or once again
Thy primal silence fling.

Heed my long agonies, and let them cease
Lighten the horror of my endless woe;
From off this bleeding bosom bid him go
And give thy planet peace.

But if thou shalt ordain we never part,
Then, Mother, pity me by pitying me;
Despatch thy swiftest, gold-winged se-
raphim
With reason to his heart.

Send them and this thy gift; let Reason
reign,
So that a reconciliation come
Between the children and their ancient
home,
Ere darkness fall again.

Current Comment on Public Events

Public speakers, writers and debaters, in need of some figure of speech to drive home an argument or to illustrate some desired point, will make reference to "footprints on the sands of time."

The advocates of orthodoxy when anxious to rake in a little more cash, or to bring some accused sinner to repentance and further the glory of god, will make reference to the "woundprints in his hands and feet" as if to win their case by pity and compassion instead of by reason and fact.

Men of science rely more on "footprints" and completely ignore the alleged "woundprints" but priests and preachers, minus the slightest evidence for their assertion, still bank on the latter and ignore the former.

Through scientific research the footprints of antedeluvian man and animals have been discovered deep buried in the earth, made and left upon the "sands of time" long before the world ever dreamed of a cross on the hill of calvary. Geological discoveries made from day to day confirmatory of the antiquity of man upon the surface of the globe and every new fact thus discovered advances another solid argument against biblical records.

With nothing stronger than mere imagination to support them the priests of the Christian faith continue to urge the assumed truth of the story of "Doubting Thomas" who, towards the latter end of 300 years after the occurrence is said to have taken place, is made to thrust his hands into the wound in the side of the suffering "savior" and thereby become convinced.

Footprints on the sands of Time.

"In his feet and hands are woundprints; and his side"

The former is literally true. The latter is but an allegorical conception. The former is only accepted by the intellectual few. The latter, beheaded with mummery and sanctified slobber, still sways the heart and mind of millions. The desire to believe may account for many strange vagaries of the human mind. The desire for knowledge must ultimately transcend all sentimental beliefs. There is nothing touching, or pretty, in the account of a crucified savior for sin. Where suffering and agony is portrayed it cannot be elevating. And yet, men and women, or some of them, will instinctively turn to fiction and ignore fact.

Recent explorations in the Connecticut valley, in the region of what is known as Lily Pond stone quarry, at Turner's Falls, have revealed the slabs of stone, evidently once at the earth's surface, upon which are imprinted the footprints of both man-like beings and animals. One of the footprints of immense size, resembles that of man, the foot evidently being encased in some sort of a covering while the footprints of the animals indicate a connection with the Dinosaur family. These are indications of animal life on this continent at an extremely remote period and these discoveries furnish unquestionable data contradictory of the bible accounts of the origin and development of life.

These are, admittedly and indisputably, the footprints on the sands of time. Men

of science turn eagerly towards them and from their testimony new facts are obtained for compiling the world's great history. Races of men and species of animals once lived and flourished, now long extinct, races and species of which no mention is made, or could have been made in biblical records. It would follow, then, that if the bible is the product of divinity, it ought to have contained some record of these extinct races, some mention of them, although disappeared long before the bible was written, for god, who knoweth all things from the beginning, could not possibly have forgotten them.

What better evidence do we need of the overwhelming facts of science and that the bible is but a human production, compiled and prepared by designing men to secure an influential control over the mind and actions of their fellows.

Rev. G. S. Fitzhugh, aged 67 years, will not wed Lulu Virginia Frazer, a ten year old girl.

Well—the Blade would say Nit. And any public official granting a license therefor, and any magistrate or preacher who would perform such a ceremony ought to be imprisoned for the balance of their natural lives.

Considerable discussion has taken place in the public press over and concerning this religio-domestic farce-comedy. No, no—not a farce comedy for it came near being a tragedy of the most diabolical stripe. Here was a preacher, tottering upon the brink of the grave, with sons and daughters having children of their own, forming a marriage contract with an infant under the age of consent, who knew not the wiles and sins of the world, and, possibly, for the mere purpose of gratifying a prurient and sensual passion. Fortunately for the child, so much pressure was brought to bear upon her prospective husband, that he desisted from his purpose and returned the marriage license to the clerk who had issued it and who ought to be deprived of his office for having done so.

True to the orthodox instinct, excuses are being manufactured for the preacher, but not one is offered for the child. The members of the preacher's family, in a published interview, insist that he is bordering upon a condition of imbecility, superinduced by excessive labors for the poor people in his congregation. The same old tale. As for the child, though guilty of no wrong, incapable at her age, it is simply reported that she has been sent back to her home in the mountains of Virginia, and restored to her parents. How she ever left them for such a purpose is a mystery to all save to those who are superstitiously insane. They may be able to understand it, but reasoning men can find nothing but condemnation for the whole transaction. Had the marriage taken place biblical justification could have been found. David was a man after god's own heart, and are we not told that a pure, young virgin was found and put in bed with him to keep his aged body warm. If David's conduct, and the conduct of those about him, was right in the sight of the

Lord and had his approval, no religious fault could have been found with Rev. Fitzhugh. God is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and changing not, what he commended 3,000 years ago, must still be acceptable in his sight.

From Milwaukee, through Rev. Patrick Fairbanks, rector of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church, in that city, comes the announcement of approval of the plan suggested by Lord Halifax, of England, for a union of the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal churches, which is intended to embrace all the churches of both denominations in England and America. Another pipe dream. Rome will consent to no union that it is not absolutely Roman. When the Episcopal church, some years ago, sought to bring about a union with the Presbyterian church, it was a union based upon Episcopal considerations alone. There was to be nothing Presbyterian about it and the latter denomination was to lose its identity. The union did not take place and the Presbyterian leaders decided to remain Presbyterian and retain infant damnation along with predestination and foreordination.

So will it be in regard to any union between the Roman and English churches. If the coalition ever takes place it will be in strict accordance with Romish dictation. Rome will make no surrender. The Episcopalians must make the surrender, unconditional, and submit to Rome in all things. This may account for the commendation of Rev. Fairbanks of the proposed plan. It would mean a return to the mother church, a strengthening of her power and an increase in her ability to collect Peter's pence. The secular world entertains not the slightest alarm over such a proposition for in the effort to reach an agreement concerning a division of the spoils, further discrepancies would be produced, and the sects get further apart than ever.

Evangelist Billy Sunday is determined to keep in the limelight. As a worker in slang he is an adept and has the system down to a fine art. There is nothing spiritual about Billy. He is grossly material and if souls are to be won by his methods we have our opinion about the actual human value of the souls he is able to capture. As a slime monger and coiner of catch as catch can phrases, Billy has Sam Jones done to a brown turn. Jonesey wasn't in it with Billy. The newspapers report a recent sermon, as they are called, by Billy, in which he described the fight between David and Goliath in the slang phrases of the day. Read it:

"I can just picture the old man saying, 'Dave! you had better take some cheese and wine, and get out and see how the boys are getting along.' Dave goes, and Goliath comes out. And Dave said, 'Who is that big lobster?' 'That's the head cheese of the bunch of Philistines, the main works.' 'Why don't some of you go out and soak the guy?' The bunch all got cold feet, when he comes out here. He does his little stunt every morning. Oh, you fellows make me sick—give me a sling and some stones,' and he soaked him in the coco, between the lamps, and Dave drew Goliath's sword and chopped off his block and the gang skiddooed."

Save us from a Billy Sunday and save us from a religious system, claiming to be of divine origia, that must depend upon such vigorous uses of modern and vulgar slang.

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Blade will be discontinued at the expiration of the term for which the subscription has been paid up in advance. The address slip on the paper will show subscribers the date of expiration of subscription. Back numbers, or numbers omitted will be sent, if asked for, upon renewal in case of discontinuance.
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AT THE CONVENTION.

By the time this issue of the Blade is in the hands of our readers the Editor will be at Canal Dover in attendance upon the annual convention of the Buckeye Secular Union, to be followed by the first annual convention of the Materialist Association.

Some way or another this trip to visit Freethinkers, to be with Freethinkers, real men and women, and to talk Freethought once again, begins to feel like a sort of reincarnation, and we have looked forward to this day with unbounded pleasure. About to leave, now, upon our journey, we express the hope that these gatherings will bring good results and constitute the nucleus around which similar organizations will develop in other States to the end that Freethinkers can become better and permanently organized. The Blade believes in organization. It has striven to encourage organization, and we are strong enough to build up a good organization if we go at it in the right way. Avoiding the mistakes of the past and profiting by the experiences of the past, let us lay the foundations for more gatherings of like character.

The Blade will strive to publish a full and complete report of these conventions, so far as our limited space will permit. If we cannot get it all in one issue then we will use two or three issues, if necessary. We want our readers

and all Freethinkers to know just what took place at the conventions, and just as we are able to secure the manuscript the different speeches made will also be published.

With Dr. J. B. Wilson, Dr. J. T. Bowles, Otto Wettstein, George O. Roberts, Jesse P. White, A. C. Narragon, Samuel Toomey, J. Wilbur White, Mrs. Helen M. Lucas, Mrs. Eliza Mowry Bliven, Lou Lawrence, and other well-known men and women in the field of Freethought propaganda, they ought to draw a large gathering from all parts of Ohio and fill the Opera House to overflowing.

Come one, come all. Let us meet and greet each other on the broad platform of Freethought and unfurl the flag of freedom o'er the ramparts of old orthodoxy.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, AND OTHERS.

Information came to the Blade too late for our last issue that Hon. Parker H. Sercombe, the distinguished and capable editor of Tomorrow Magazine, and his most trusted co-laborer, Bruce T. Calvert, will both be at the Canal Dover, Ohio, conventions and prepared to take part in their deliberations.

Parker H. Sercombe will address one of the conventions on the subject of "Health and Longevity."

Bruce T. Calvert will address one of the conventions on the subject of "The Food Question—Rational Dietary."

With this announcement the conventions ought to be more than a mere success and the results should be taken advantage of to make the cause of Freethought more of a power.

NOW PUSH THE BLADE.

We wish to make an urgent appeal to our friends to aid us in getting the Blade more widely read.

The present arrangement under which the Blade is being published was largely of an experimental character, but there has never been a week or a day since last January that the Blade has been able to meet its own expenses. Improvements have been made, all entailing great cost. We wish to continue them. The pictures and biographies of Freethought workers, which we are publishing, being a valuable contribution to Freethought historical literature, with the cost of making the necessary cuts, compels an expense which we are not able much longer to maintain, unless additional aid is forthcoming. We would rather see our circulation double than be made the recipients of charity. In this way the Blade can maintain itself and other improvements be added from time to time.

During the past few months we have been unable to publish a number of articles submitted, owing to lack of space. We would like to enlarge the paper by increasing the number of pages. This would admit of more reading matter and avoid the delay in getting really good articles into print by letting them wait for publication in the order of receipt.

Now, friends, what do you say? Are you ready and

willing to get into line and increase the circulation of the Blade? Our premium offer and the additional new subscriber for fifty cents, with your own subscription at the regular price, was made to stand good until October. But one month now remains in which to make good. Our proposition is that you send us two dollars. This will be the regular price for your own subscription, and fifty cents for a new one. If we do not keep the new one it will be our own fault and not yours.

Without appearing to be boastful we do not hesitate to express the opinion that we have the very best Free-thought weekly in America, without considering the price of annual subscription. We have a corps of the most capable and up-to-date writers. Their contributions alone are worth what is paid for the entire paper.

If each subscriber would but adopt the plan we have suggested our circulation would just double itself in the next thirty days. By these means we could maintain the present high standard of the Blade and still add other improvements.

This personal talk is meant to include all. We ask that each one will strive to do his or her best. If you think the Blade worthy of such an effort, get into harness and begin to pull.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE!

Until recent years the Christian world refused to admit that there could be any other side. Theological expositions of the cosmos was all there could possibly be, and these did not admit of a doubt. Belabored for argument, they refused, upon the hypothesis that there was absolutely no room for argument.

Current controversial ethics admit of a possibility of argument, and they further admit that there is another side, and every attitude taken or position assumed by theological advocates is for the sole and express purpose of attempting to prove their own theories true and such facts as oppose them false. This is a decided gain over the past and with the constant, unceasing pressure of advancing forces the hitherto deemed invulnerable points in orthodoxy are giving way.

In our last previous issue we gave space to an article by John T. Pearce, taking issue with the Blade and Blade writers, upon matters advanced in the columns of this paper. So far as the others criticised are concerned, we feel that they are amply able to take care of themselves, and our purpose here is simply to make a brief reply to the questions propounded to ourselves directly. Mr. Pearce very evidently did not like our criticism of the Christian family who had employed a minister to deliver a Christian burial service over a deceased Freethinker, one who had "read and enjoyed the Blade" while in "health and strength," upon which we made comment at the time. Now Mr. Pearce in his article asks:

"What harm, pray, does it do to you and your faith if

the woman and her husband shall never see life beyond the confines of the grave?"

That is not the question. It is not the issue we undertook to discuss. For generations the Christian world has argued that infidelity may be all right to live by, but that when we come to die we instinctively turn to Jesus, seek forgiveness for our unbelief, announce repentance and an acceptance, and strive to make peace with some monster of a god in the skies. To bolster up such an argument the church has, through her paid advocates, defamed and insulted the name of every Freethinker of prominence who has died through the ages. These unclean harpies have befouled their graves and knowingly preached the falsehood of their supposed conversion. We do not doubt that the writer of that very article has, at some time or another, discussed Paine's supposed recantation when approaching death, and used the argument in favor of his god and his Jesus. Even Ingersoll is held, by some, to have announced a modification of his views and a thousand different constructions have been placed upon his famous address over the grave of his brother as showing how he was giving up the truths he had promulgated during his active life. In order to aid in this systematic suppression of truth and to further the advocacy of foolish superstition, Christians will at every opportunity pounce upon the corpse of a Freethinker, give him a Christian burial when he is unable to utter a protest, knowing that he would have protested had he been able, and then use the incident as another "beautiful illustration of the power of Jesus and the Christian religion."

It is against this hypocritical system that we made our protest and we still protest against it. Suppose the shoe had been on the other foot. Let us imagine the case of a Christian, a church member, a communicant, a devout believer in all the idiocies of the Christian faith, dying among Freethinkers, or, at least, Freethinkers having control of the obsequies. To be consistent they should, at least, allow the deceased a burial in consonance and harmony with his or her beliefs. But let us also suppose that, ignoring the personal views of the deceased Christian, and ignoring the beliefs held during life, those Freethinkers should hold a Freethought service over the corpse, preach a non-belief in god, heavens, hells, bibles, holy ghosts, and what not, would not Mr. Pearce denounce the proceeding as a sacrilege and belch forth his condemnation thereof? If he did not, other believers would. And this is just what we are contending for. As that man had believed in life so, his wife, had she the slightest regard for him, would never have insulted his corpse by bringing a minister to preach a sermon over him and tell the world that he had believed in a glorious resurrection. The preacher knew it was false, the wife knew it was false, and those who heard the sermon, or a majority of them, also knew it was false.

Christianity, built upon falsehood, propagated by falsehood, has depended upon falsehood for its support. If Christians desire a Christian burial at death, they have a

right that their wishes should be respected, and if a man lives a life in open hostility to the church, it is a murder of truth for the church to pounce upon his body, at death, and claim him as its own.

The character of proof required for my birth and parentage and the character of proof required for a belief in the Christ myth, are totally and altogether different. From earliest infancy I had no knowledge of any other parents save the two that brought me into existence. The moment I was taught to lisp a sentence, they were with me. I grew up with them. There was never the slightest question, the slightest doubt. I came into the world. I am here. These facts I know. I also know I was not and I further know that I shall not be again. The proposition as to the character of the evidence is both foolish and absurd.

FREETHOUGHT IN POLITICS.

Party nominations have been made, platforms adopted, issues—or what may be called issues—have been created upon which the various political parties are appealing to the country for preferment at the polls that each may be selected to conduct and manage the internal and external affairs of the nation.

No sane person can entertain the slightest doubt but what success will follow in the wake of either the Republican or Democratic party, and at this writing, if one can judge from public expressions in different parts of the country, it is an open question which of the parties named will be able to win. At one time it looks as though Bryan has a chance, and the next moment Republican claims are made that fairly shiver the Democratic timbers. The conclusion must be reached, however, that the coming election will bring about a realignment of parties which, though merely prospective, creates a wide divergence of opinion.

Freethinkers, as such, can have but little choice as between Bryan and Taft. Individual opinions may direct the casting of the vote, but Freethought has nothing to gain by the election of either. With either in the Presidential chair, the orthodox can be assured of a cordial support in a propaganda of their doctrines, while the advocates of mental liberty can have very little to hope for. Bryan is a truckler to the pious for political glory. Taft has played a desperate game with the papacy for the same kind of a stake. Were Freethinkers left to themselves it is probable that a large number of them would vote the Socialist ticket as a rebuke to both the dominant parties, and doubtless many Freethinkers will do so. Others, who are eternally opposed to the Man on the Horse ruling the nation, who are opposed to military despotism, will vote against the Republican party, and others who cannot stand for the many inconsistencies emanating from the Democratic leader, can hardly find him the goods upon which to put the label of their suffrage.

Some years ago, the late Col. Ingersoll, then in the full

zenith of his intellectual glory, sought to establish a new political party. In other words, he wished to weld the individual masses of Freethought into one compact organization in the hope that by holding the balance of political power, and throwing their support this way or that way, all parties would be compelled to grant due recognition and abstain from incorporating into their platforms such planks as indicate repressive legislation in matters affecting religion. He met with opposition, and the project was abandoned. Time will prove the wisdom of his policy. The trend of political leaders to seek the favors of this or that church denomination, the truckling to a groveling superstition, is all for votes that power may be won thereby. It was so in Ingersoll's day. It is so in our day. It will be so in our children's day. It will long continue to be so unless Freethinkers manifest the same elements of organization as shown by church people, but use their influence in the opposite direction.

In spite of the fact that the church has bitterly assailed socialism, the advocates of the latter, or some of them, appear fearful lest they be suspected of infidelity and their cause injured thereby. Many socialists are avowed Freethinkers and these do not care. But with it all Freethought is shunned even by those who ought to give it support, in public, while secretly adhering to many of the principles it advocates. This is because we lack cohesion—organization. We have failed to manifest our strength by open co-operation. Politicians, of every stripe, realize this. The result is that Freethinkers ally themselves with every kind of a political party and we find them voting Democratic, Republican, Prohibition, Socialist, Populist, and what not.

Upon the decay of paganism the Christian religion laid its foundations for the future. Upon the decay of Christianity the Freethought elements must unite to build for themselves. We must be prepared for the change, to take advantage of the opportunities coming our way and utilize them in the common interest. The Blade realizes that an Ingersoll could not be elected President. Once his candidacy was announced all the cohorts of superstition would unite against him. He would be regarded as their common foe. But who knows what the future will bring? What are you doing to encourage and hasten a change? Are you willing to do your part? Then stand up and be counted. Never be ashamed of doing what you conceive to be your bounden duty for fear of being termed an infidel. There is a radiant glory in being an infidel to error and superstition. The years, which are seldom unjust, will prove the truth here given, and we hope that the day is not so very far away when all Freethinkers will show their colors and present a solid front to the enemy even in politics that we are not compelled to make choice between two evils, but openly declare that we will have neither.

The list of friends offering to officiate at Freethought funerals, in case of necessity, keeps growing, and in a little while the Blade will have the country in all parts

amply provided for in all such emergencies. There is still room for more. The list is by no means closed. Those who are capable and willing to render such a service are invited to get on the Blade's official list.

----- FIDES PUNICA. -----

Many wondrous changes have been wrought in the history of the race, but none more wonderful than in the domain of religion. Changing impulses, changing desires, changing customs, all have combined to produce a complete transformation in the work and propaganda of orthodox religion.

In the old days, those days of which we can only read, creed building was a sort of special trade, or profession, and new religious notions sprang up with nearly every phase of the moon. Men devoted their lives to the religious work of their day with extreme avidity, and he who could succeed in spreading the belief that he, of all others, held a stronger personal pull with the deity was looked upon as the greatest of all, a sort of vice-regent clothed with plenary powers from on high.

From this custom sprang the idea of deity holding personal confab with man. To talk with the deity was a sure and certain sign of divine authority. Of course, it was necessary to make the people believe this, and as the mere statement of the talkee would be but self-serving testimony, other fakirs were procured to spread the information. Later on books were written in which the narrative of these alleged discourses were given and every trick that human ingenuity could devise were resorted to in order to build up the popular belief.

An examination of the Christian bible will reveal that similar conditions prevailed among the Jews. In it we are told that god talked to Adam. It does not appear that he made any effort to hold converse with Eve. Had he done so and Eve given the right to tell her version of that affair, the current of the world's history might have been changed. Bible writers could not agree that the deity should talk to a woman. Such would never do. It would mean to exalt woman and degrade god. Then again we are told that god spake with Moses twice, or three times, and upon another occasion made a rather questionable exhibition of himself, which Moses himself might have refused to have done had he been so requested. Jacob did even more, for we are informed, and asked to believe, that the son of Isaac actually indulged in a wrestling bout with the deity, in which deity put Jacob's thigh out of joint. Enoch took a walk with deity, and, of course, must have been in close communion. Up to this time, and even later, not a solitary woman had been given such privileges. Make a mark at this point for reference.

Several generations rolled away and these personal confabs were received with considerable suspicion. Male creed builders began to realize the necessity of going a trifle slower in such matters. Doubts were expressed. Free-thought began to get a foothold. Conversations with the

deity were still a necessity, however, to guarantee authority, but they began to come now through the medium of dreams.

According to the inspired record, Solomon was among the first to try the dream racket. He had successfully cheated his elder brother out of the throne and was now king of Israel. To be a success as king he had to be on terms of personal friendship with the reigning deity. The people now knew too much for him to successfully fool them with a personal interview, so he gave it out that the Lord had appeared unto him one night, at Gibeon, in a dream, and upon his request the Lord had given him a "wise and understanding heart" to enable him to "rule" the people "properly." This was a clever ruse on Solomon's part and through it he was able to keep his job.

Dream conversations now became frequent and was kept up until Joseph's time, but in his case it was too much trouble for the Lord to appear in person, and Joseph had to take his message, second-hand, from an angel. Paul tried to work a similar bluff, but he dared not go too far, and had it reported that while he "heard a voice" he did not "see a man."

But enough! The main purpose herein was to show that every sort of a conversation given in the bible, whether in person, through a dream, or by an angel, was with men. Thus, the Christian god never spoke to a woman.

Did you make that reference mark? Well, put another one down just here.

Two instances are given, one in the old and one in the new testament, wherein deity had been involved with women. Both got into trouble. Mrs. Lot was turned into a pillar of salt, and the other gave birth to a child out of wedlock.

Where are the women today? Now for your reference. They form the entire working force of the church. Denied recognition of the god they blindly worship, denied equal opportunities and privileges with their deity, the women have flocked into the church by the thousand, while men make themselves very conspicuous by their absence. Men formerly monopolized religion. Now the women are in absolute possession. In other words, the women who are thus in the church are in the attitude of licking the hand that smote them and the greatest of all paradoxes is that they seem to be happy in their servitude.

When woman begins to think!

Consider what will happen then.

In view of the fact that the deity specially favored man and as persistently ignored woman, and in view of the further fact that man now ignores the deity while woman is the only friend deity can boast, the meaning of the caption to this article strikes the situation very forcibly.

Fides Punica.

Punic faith is treachery.

Capital Punishment

Relic of Barbarism, and Sustained only by
a Sordid Superstition.

(By Hulda L. Potter-Loomis.)

In the consideration of a subject relating to any of our established laws, or creeds, or modes of living, a writer must necessarily become impressed with a sense of wonderment that society (or the State, if you please) could have encumbered itself by the ponderous machinery that hampers and impedes its progress at every turn, and which can only be likened to the endless aqueducts which the Romans built over hill and dale, yet which serves to illustrate the importance of the discovery of the law that water never rises higher than its source.

The illustration, while not a new one, is most fitting in its application to the subject here considered, inasmuch as it is certain if the laws of the State are to be changed and made to conform to a higher and more humane ideal, the people, who compose the State, must first be educated to higher and more humane ideals.

In order to effect such a result, it would seem proper to impress upon the minds of each individual member of society the fact of their own share in the responsibility for the existence or maintenance of laws, creeds or conditions which are found to be unwise, unjustifiable and inhuman in their application.

Alas! for the selfishness of human nature—but selfish we are without a doubt, for it is a sad fact the majority of people do not perceive the lack of wisdom, the injustice of the inhumanity of established laws or conditions until they directly and disastrously affect their own individual affairs. It is so hard for us to comprehend the fact that over and above all human law is the natural law which never changes, never wavers in its equal administration of justice, never relaxes its vigilance, and, according to its unwritten code, an injury done to one member of the human family must eventually react upon every other member. Thus we find that the teaching of this code of natural law answers the question which every one should, but does not ask: "Am I my brother's keeper?" We submit that the average man or woman would feel not only startled, but horrified, if suddenly confronted and accused of the crime of murder, yet the writer of this article, deliberately and in all seriousness, lays that accusation upon every man or woman in the United States of America who has not uttered their protest against the barbarous and inhuman practice of "Capital Punishment."

In support of that accusation I challenge any one to define murder, and then deny that the hanging or electrocution of a murderer by society (or the State) is any less a murder than that committed by the individual.

Webster defines "murder" thus: "The act of killing a human being with malice prepense or aforethought, express or implied." To kill with premeditated malice; to destroy; to put an end to."

According to this definition, the average execution of a murderer is more duly "murder" than the act of the victim of the law, for the individual may and often does take

the life of his fellow being when inflamed by drink or passion, and is therefore a partially irresponsible creature, while we—yes, every man and woman of us who does not oppose this inhumanity and injustice—we, I say, who compose the State, proceed to consider every detail of his action and deliberately and calmly premeditate the destruction of his life. If the murderer committed the act while under the influence of liquor, then we (who are the State) have an added responsibility in the matter, since we license rum-sellers to sell the poison that is the most potent of all agencies in the propagation of murderers and other criminals.

Nor does our barbarism end here. Having determined upon the destruction of the murderer, we permit those who are authorized (?) to carry our will into effect to issue cards of invitation to a chosen select few murderous members of our society to attend the execution and witness a scene the preparations for which in precision of detail far surpass anything that their victim could have conceived of, and in fact, had there been any necessity for such careful preparation in carrying out his own act of murder, it must in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred have appalled the individual and deterred him from his purpose. Space forbids our mentioning in detail the many ways in which we gratify our murderous propensities upon these occasions.

The reporters for the daily papers serve up an account of the execution in the most harrowing and bloodthirsty manner for the delectation of those of us who were not permitted to attend the execution; our children ask questions about it, and we tell them "this bad man killed another man, and now we have killed him." And so we teach our children to do murder, for how can the child's mind discriminate between legalized and unlegalized murder, when in the depths of our own hearts we know that the only discrimination that can be made is that of might, which never makes right.

Perhaps it is not so much to be wondered that that we are a nation of murderers when we take into consideration the fact that those to whom mankind generally has looked for their spiritual advice and teaching, stand in their pulpits, as Rev. W. A. Hunsberger, of Camden, N. J., did recently and advocated capital punishment, taking for his text the old heathenish Mosaic injunction, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

The demand for the shedding of human blood has ever come from the priesthood; their saintly robes have left their bloody trail down through the ages, while with sanctimonious faces turned toward the sky, where the bloodthirsty conception of their God was supposed to dwell, they repeated the commandments of Moses, among which is one that reads, "Thou shalt not kill." Oh, hypocrites! Oh, whitened sepulchers! When will your influence cease? Too long have you sat in judgment upon your fellow beings. But the light is breaking in upon the minds of your victims; the tide of judgment has set in the opposite direction, and the end of your bloody reign is not far distant, and the religion of the "Brotherhood of Man" will soon be enthroned in the hearts which are rapidly rejecting the

wicked and revengeful teachings which a murderous priesthood have ever thrust upon them. Capital punishment must go down with the rest, and as we gradually bring ourselves more and more into harmony with the operation of the natural law and realize now indissolubly our human interests are entwined, we shall endeavor to bring our mentalities up on to higher planes, where their combined power and might shall set in operation the vibrations of love and peace and sympathy with all mankind, which will eventually overcome forever the spirit of hatred, malice and murder that we have so long been propagating? Each individual can assist in bringing about this happy combination by cultivating within himself or herself a spirit of love so strong that the thought of taking a human life will call for their loudest protest and their best effort to prevent such action, whether by the individual or so-called society.

DAVE'S LETTER.

TO HIS DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER.

(Copyright applied for 1908 by Franklin H. Heald.)

My dear heavenly father—Well we are going up two the mountains for a few weeks and Papa is going to show me how to shute a fox when he trees won. He is going to show me where the humming birds build hundreds of nests and lots of things that I don't no know. Wood you care if we take Papa's big microscope and look at the way nature does things up at the mountains? Joe thinks it is blassefemy to look thru it, and says if you wanted us to see such things you wood of made our eyes that way, and we have no rite to pry into things that you "have mad fo' de bes'." Is that so, and is that the reason you don't like Papa? Don't you want him to find out anything he can't see without his glasses or microscope? I would rather look at a bug or a flower thru a microscope than to see a forth-of-july fireworks.

Did you ever look thru a microscope at a flee's eyes; or thru a telescope at Jupiter's moons or Saturn's rings? I shud think you wood of known the earth was round if you made it. Is it so that you maid the earth before you maid the sun and the stars also and didnt you know that sum of the stars are bigger round than all ov our soler system? If I had bin making them I wood of made the biggest won first and so wood Papa. Joe sez the son goes round the world and anybody can see it and besides the bible proves it. He thinks Papa or anybody that sez the erth goes round the sun, is a blassefeemer and is liable to be struk ded. How do you ever manage two keep Joe so scared? He is afrade to go out in the dark, but will go out anyway for a watermelon or chicken.

As ever, DAVE.

GOVERNMENT IS STUPID.

Count Leo Tolstoi is quoted at length in the papers recently relative to the suppression of his books. He declares that the Russian government is guilty of amazing stupidity in prosecuting the distributors of his books and not arresting him. He adds that he will never stop writing no matter what tactics are adopted by the Russian government.

The Story of Etulas

Victim Could Not Change But Her Christian Friends Changed in Their Hearts Towards Her.

(By John F. Clarke).

Etulas was born into the world the same as any other specimen of genus homo. She was fair of face, graceful of carriage and sweet in demeanor, but the God who had created her physically perfect, had in a spirit of malice crossed her blood and infused a trace of Negro blood in her veins. Through chance, she had received a fair education and accident placed a competence within her reach. She was forced to leave her home because of caste prejudice and moved to another state. Although nearly white, she had been denominated a negress. In her new home she made friends and became quite popular. She joined church and partook of the communion, and contributed to the various church funds. The people thanked God for sending them such a lovely communicant. A lady who took much interest Etulas secured her photograph and sent it to a correspondent, at a distance, and wrote a rapturous eulogium of her friend. She shortly received a reply, in which the glamour was taken off her friendship for Etulas as lye bites the paint from wood.

The distant lady wrote: "What a seraph you have found; what a treasure from the diamond fields; what a gem of loveliness; what an angel. But—your seraph, though fair, outside, is dark internally; your treasure has a blemish; your diamond is a black stone; your gem has a flaw—she is a negress."

Did the Christian lady hold out the mantle of charity to the detected one? Did the sisterhood of Jesus serve to ward off the impending blow? Not at all, the lady dramatically denounced the parish with vehement malice and scorn. Three other sisters also proclaimed the horrible wrong done them by the entrance of this serpent to their Eden, and they called for angels with flaming swords to purge the community of the pestilence. Etulas listened to the quadruple tirade and her color ebbed and flowed in her cheek as the denunciations rose and fell. At last she rose and said:

"Am I not the same as yesterday? Did you not seek me out and urge me to attend and to join your church? Did you not share your salvation with me freely? Have you not all prayed for my welfare? And is this God's answer to that prayer? Have not all you women met me with the kiss of welcome and did you detect any taint in my person? Are you going to crucify me for an idea? If so you castigate the God who made us all. When we meet in heaven will you charge God with a mistake or shall I charge Him with folly? I have committed no wrong. Am I to be cast out for God's error, and will he retaliate on you in Heaven?"

It was decided that Etulas was not fit to remain in church nor in "society." Etulas married the brother of the lady who denounced her first. One of the other ladies got too familiar with the preacher, and another with the Sunday School Superintendent. The third ran off with a drummer. Gradually Etulas won her way and society gave way until she became its leader. Neither she nor her children ever joined church. Opinion changed. Etulas was courted and heads bowed to her every

where. Even her name—read backward—was SALUTE.

AUNT ALLIE'S PROVERBS.

Religion promotes ignorance—stands in the way of enlightenment.

Freethought says: "Turn reason on your beliefs. Test these."

Freethought bids you develop intellect.

Religion says: "Some things I will not read, think on, or listen to."

Religion bids you dwarf intellect.

Present conditions are due to millions of minds at a standstill. This is true in politics as well as in religion.

An earnest desire to be pure and wise needs no prayer to assist to nobility and truth.

LAWS AND LAWYERS.

The Cain and Abel Conflict Was a Victory for the Producer Over the Non-Producer.

(By G. W. McCormick.)

We have "Law,"—and there is "Legal Law"—with "Statute Law"—and the "Law of the Universal Cosmos."

Ask a Lawyer to define Law and he will begin to quote Blackstone—"A rule of action," etc.—but not one in an average ten thousand will get deep enough into thought to give the real meaning or version of the term Law.

Law always existed; it surrounds endless, fathomless, boundless space, and is intermixed with every part of earth, air, water—and dead and living substance.

In obedience of Law, this earth and all other earths, suns, moons, stars or planets came into existence, and Blackstone and our human Law writers and Coddal cobblers and legal executors can not write, make or enforce a law in violation of Natural Law without entailing upon themselves and the entire human family a harmful and hurtful penalty for this violation of the common principles of personal equity: General, Common, Catholic or Universal principles of Life Rights appertain alike to every living substance, either animal or vegetable, and the man-written Law that says "Thou shalt not kill," applies as much to the protection of animal and vegetable life as it does to human or animal life; and while the penalty is ever present, yet life may be destroyed and the penalty entailed, and still conditions might be bettered.

We plant seeds and produce vegetables, grass and fruit-bearing trees; we dig, pull out and reap to sustain life, but when we cut down and kill fruit-bearing trees, as George Washington did, we entail a harmful penalty. It would be better to climb for fruit and spare the tree. But when we cut down and kill a barren and unfruitful tree, as Christ did, giving more room for bearing trees, we then entail a helpful and right penalty.

So it all depends. One man of early history violated the Law of "Thou Shalt Till," and roamed at will over field, forest and plain, hell-bent to kill. He killed one of god's not only good, but very good, animals, and made a flesh and blood exhibit at the first Fair, and took first premium, but went down in defeat and death in Cain's cornfield conflict. And this time the working man—Cain the tiller—drew the capital prize or premium, in a good

wife in the Land of Nod, where they had cities of peace, plenty, harp and song; and while one phase of this Law—Thou shalt not kill—was apparently violated, yet acting in self-defense, as Cain did, on the principle of "If you won't work, neither shall you eat," killing a non-working, able-bodied vagrant in defense of the products of the field, saved Cain's life from starvation and peopled the world with us Law Abiding, progressive Canaanites,—leaving the final meaning of Law to be—That Silent, Hidden Force or cause as Will Equalize, Settle and Lead all Conflicts in Harmony with RIGHT and REASON.

Mt. Sterling, Ky.

It Ain't no Joke

New England Farmer Writes On the Resurrection of Mrs. McNulty.

Plainville, Connecticut.

Deer editor:—

I never rit nufin fer a paper afore an perhaps yer don't kare tew here frum a ole farmer but as a krishtyon I feel it ml dewty. I Feel consarned about yer. yer air so wickid I don't flink yer ort ter make joks about sakrit flings. I seed in ure paper what yer rote about mises micknulty, what dyed and was berried over on ter ever green shore, an doctor mulligin toed her back. Wel, yer se it ain't fer frum hear ter whar she lives an Dyes. let us jes kunsider it seereus an filosofikaly.

Mises Macknulty's body dyed an her sole returned tew ther god what giv it. doctor mulligin brot life ter ther ded body. that was skil. he indused god tew let er hav her sole agin. that was meracius, er suffin else. Now docter mulligin has found out he kin do it he ain't agoin ter reserreck eny more kristyunn's arter he noes thay air saft in heven. he'll git siners outer heil so thay kan go to kamp meelin and git saved. so nex time thay dye thay will go ter heven. this kase is so seereus yer hadnt ort ter joke.

Now mister editor ime agoin ter try an konvurt ye but ef yer dye fust an docter mulligin kant kum tew lexintun yure fokes kin send ure body tew new briton an docter mulligin kant git yer out on bale. if this leter dus yer eny good ile rite agin. ile prey fer ye.

ures in krist, brother ferkerson.

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